

SEEKS THE ORIGINAL

American Falls in Love with Picture of Girl.

DECIDES TO WOO AND WIN HER

Romance Begun in London Art Gallery Ends at the Altar—Has Copy of Painting Made and Later Meets the Woman, and After a Time Offer of Marriage Is Accepted.

London, July 25.—The last page of the first volume of a love romance, as pretty as any in fiction, has just been written in the marriage register of the old parish church of Boddington, in Surrey.

The bride was Ethel Brignall, of Wallington. The bridegroom was Harold Abbott Titcomb, of New Orleans. They were married on Wednesday in the presence of as many friends as could crowd into the church. She is twenty-five and fair as a lily. He is thirty-two and dark. Until a little more than two years ago Mr. and Mrs. Titcomb had never seen one another or heard of each other's existence. Mr. Titcomb was working as a consulting mining engineer in America. Miss Brignall was living at home at Wallington, where many people knew her as one of the most charming amateur actresses in the neighborhood.

Popular Pictures. But some years ago Miss Brignall's portrait was painted by Ralph Peacock and was purchased by the Chantry Bequest. It was called "Ethel," and every one who visited the Royal Academy the year it was exhibited will recall it.

It represents a pretty girl of fourteen, with long flaxen hair, sitting before a large double door.

Miss Brignall's elder sister became Mrs. Peacock, and about three years after "Ethel" was painted Mr. Peacock painted "The Sisters"—Mrs. Peacock and Miss Ethel Brignall. This picture was also one of the most popular of the year at the academy, and it has hung since then in the Tate Gallery.

Two years ago Mr. Titcomb came to England, whence two of his ancestors, John and Priscilla Alden, emigrated in the Mayflower.

Ends in Wedding. Mr. Titcomb, like other Americans, went to the Tate Gallery. He looked at "The Sisters" and thought it beautiful. He continued looking at it, and thought the younger sister very beautiful. She was just "sweet seventeen." He went away thinking of the younger sister and returned to think her still more beautiful. The oftener he went and looked at the face the more it enthralled him, and at last he found the artist's address, wrote to him, and asked him to make a copy of the younger sister.

Mr. Peacock declined, on the ground that he never copied his pictures, but Mr. Titcomb insisted on having a copy, and Mr. Peacock introduced him to a brother artist, who agreed to make it. And there it began. Mr. Titcomb discovered that the "younger sister" was Mr. Peacock's sister-in-law, and after a time he was introduced to the family. He had hoped from the first that the original of the picture might become his wife, and he lost no time in making his wishes known to Miss Brignall, who, after a time, accepted a proposal of marriage.

PRINCE SHOT DEAD IN DUEL.

Family Quarrel with Count Results Fatally.

St. Petersburg, July 25.—Prince Usouppoff, a lad of twenty-two, whose father is the richest man in Russia, was shot and killed in a duel yesterday morning by Count Mantelphel. The duel arose over a romantic family quarrel.

Thursday night Prince Usouppoff spent gayly in a restaurant with a friend, but said nothing of the ordeal he had to face on the following day. Yesterday morning he was seen in the blue frock coat of a student driving in his motor car through the leafy lanes of the islands where St. Petersburg society goes to take the air in summer evenings. With him were two officers. The car was followed by three others with occupants in military uniform.

They stopped at the polo ground on the beautifully wooded, Kristovsky Island. The company descended and disappeared. A quarter of an hour afterward four pistol shots were heard. Later officers appeared bearing the body of the prince. The combatants stood twenty paces apart and fired once without result. The second time the prince fell dead, shot through the heart.

At the palace of the prince's father the news, devoted to their usual master, burst into tears at the sight of his body. The family is distracted with grief. Constant regimens are now being chanted in the death chamber.

THREAT TO KILL FAMILY.

Millionaire Receives Letters Telling How Each Would Be Slain.

Munich, July 25.—In a crowded court trial began at Munich of Bernhard Imhof, an ex-postal servant, aged thirty-two, for attempted blackmailing of the millionaire Bavarian manufacturer, Herr Wilhelm Ludwigs.

Although of good family and superior education, Imhof has already served a sentence of five years for embezzlement, and confessed that he wrote to Herr Ludwigs, who is worth \$10,000,000, demanding sums ranging from \$25,000 to \$500,000, under threat of killing off his children one by one until his terms were agreed to, and of finally robbing the millionaire of his own eyesight.

Imhof's letters, signed by a fictitious name, told how the death of each child would be followed by a demand for an additional \$250,000 until all five children were killed. The millionaire was assured that no sort of protective measures could ward off his awful fate. Imhof declared during yesterday's examination that he wrote the letters only to annoy and frighten the millionaire, because, "despite my greater intelligence, I was compelled to work like a horse on his premises," and also because it was a matter of gossip among Ludwigs's employees that, despite his vast fortune, he was stingy.

Traffic in Chinese City.

Fame.

From the Chicago Tribune.

"Senator," said the spokesman of the delegation, "a lot of us think you would be the best and most available man that could be suggested for the Vice Presidency, and we should like to have your permission to bring your name before the convention."

"My name has not been suggested yet, has it?"

"No."

"Then for heaven's sake, gentlemen," said the eminent statesman, "let this stop right here! I don't want the Vice Presidency. I'd much rather have the distinction of being the only man in the country who has not been mentioned for that office."

PAINTING WHICH LED TO ROMANCE.



"THE SISTERS" BY RALPH PEACOCK.

CHINESE REBELS SPEAK UP.

Declaration of Independence from Manchu Rule in Yunnan Province.

Something like the original Declaration of Independence of the thirteen colonies comes from an unexpected source—China. The rebels against the Manchu dynasty, who have been gaining more or less headway against the imperial troops in Yunnan province and are said to be under the leadership of the famous Dr. Sun Yat-sen, the adventurer and lecturer on Chinese liberty in this country and abroad, recently published the following manifesto:

To Friendly Nations—Greetings:

We, the citizens of all China, are now waging a war against the Manchu government, with the object of shaking off the yoke of the Tartar conqueror by overthrowing the foreign and tyrannical government which is now holding sway over China and of establishing in its place a republican government. At the same time, in the intention of strengthening the relations with friendly nations, so as to maintain the peace of the world and to advance the happiness of the human race, the following declaration is made in order to explain the reason of our act:

1. All the treaties concluded between the Manchu government and other nations before this date shall be recognized without any alteration and are to remain in force until the moment when they are due to expire.

2. All debts and indemnities contracted by the Manchu government before this date will be recognized without any alteration, and paid, as before, by the maritime customs.

3. All concessions conceded by the Manchu government to foreign nations before this date will be respected.

4. All the subjects and properties of foreign nations in the territory now possessed by the army of the citizens will be fully protected.

5. No treaty, concession, debt, or indemnity concluded between the Manchu government and any other nation after this date will be recognized.

6. Any person of foreign nationality who allies himself with the Manchu government in combining the army of the citizens against the revolutionaries, shall be treated as an enemy.

7. Any war material, no matter in what form, furnished by foreigners to the Manchu government will be confiscated upon capture.

By order of YANG, MINH-THANG, Commander-in-chief of the Revolutionary Army of Yunnan.

A Proposal and Acceptance.

From Judge. A young colored man asked permission of his employer to use the telephone, as he wished to speak to a colored girl employed at another residence. Upon receiving consent, he explained, "You see, it's day now. I loves dat gal an' wants to ask her to marry me, but, 'fore de Lord! I ain't got de grit to ask her 'word out of mouth,' an' so I wants to use de phone. I'll jest call her up."

"Hello! Is dat Dinah?"

"Hello! Dat you Dinah?"

"Ye-as."

"Dinah, you knows I thinks a heap of you."

"An' I bin tryin' to make you think a heap of me."

"Ye-as."

"I more den thinks a heap of you. I loves you, Dinah."

"Now, Dinah—I er—wants to ask if you will marry me?"

"Ye-as indeed! Who is dis what's-tailin' to me?"

BOOKS ON THE POLAR DASH

Seamen to Have Good Reading on Peary Expedition.

Arctic Night Will Be Lightened by Globe-gridding Library of Seamen's Friend Society.

New York, July 25.—With the prospect of being the first printed pages to penetrate the uppermost polar region, two sets of American books are to-day sailing the northern seas, snugly set up in the hold of Lieut. Peary's stout ship, Roosevelt. Reports that these two sets of their 3,000 floating libraries were going into brisk circulation among the Arctic explorers when the party finally cast off for the pole have reached the headquarters of the American Seamen's Friend Society in this city to-day. That some of this nation's literary works may eventually be planted beside the flag at the "farthest north" is the object of the determined crew who are to enjoy their solace in the bitter solitude of the next two years.

Months before Roosevelt was finally commissioned for his latest dash toward the pole, the preparation of these libraries, which were to occupy the minds of the men through the long polar night, was fully begun. From a list of the 33,899 volumes which they have placed before 42,239 sailors on every sea in the last fifty years, the officers of the American Seamen's Friend Society chose two sets, carefully calculated to supply the hungry brains of the isolated explorers. These books of travel, adventure, history, religion, fiction, and biography, which have come back mottled from almost a hundred thousand to-morrows were finally selected. In two of the society's shipshape book chests the collections were arranged and sent to be set up in the mess room of the Peary ship at Shooters Island, where it was being finally outfitted.

"Pilgrim's Progress," Bible, atlas, and "The Story of the World," were included in the more sober works that stand the men in best stead in the long test of the Arctic night. Lieut. Peary declared before leaving this city to join his ship. In his last "farthest north" expedition the explorer found one of these American Seamen's Friend Society libraries a steady resource for his men, marooned in the ice packs. The books which served through that long night siege from October 12 to March 6 are to-day lying in their weather-beaten case at the headquarters of the society. The lighter collection is much more free from the tell-tale dogears which mark heavily the more serious volumes that were thumbed over and over in the frigid solitude.

If Peary succeeds in planting these treasured volumes beside the American flag at the pole, the 26,000 libraries which the American Seamen's Friend Society has kept afloat for half a century will have penetrated every region of the globe known to the seafarer. From almost every State in this country applications to set one of these book chests on its steady course have now been received. Each library is registered and regularly reported in its wanderings to any one who may pay \$30 to launch and keep it afloat.

To President Roosevelt, who, as a boy of ten, presented one of these libraries for the society, the sight of the two book chests on Peary's ship was as familiar as it has now become to hundreds of thousands of sailors the world over.

Woman Lawyer in Egypt.

Even Egypt has had to come to it, and now there is at least one woman barrister in the land of the Pyramids—Mrs. Nathalie Michel. She has passed all the examinations with honors, and for months past made application to the Egyptian tribunals for leave to plead, and at last the mixed Court of Appeals has granted her permission. She is an Armenian by birth, daughter of a well-known barrister of Tiflis. She baser her thesis, "Pro Domo," on the Roman and Egyptian law, which she proved gave her right to plead.

Appearances Were Deceitful.

From the New York Times. "One day down in Texas," said a civil engineer, "I was sitting on the porch of my hotel with a fresh youngster from the North. On his right sat a plain old man smoking a cob pipe with the kernels left on it."

"So he didn't think so."

"Anyhow, he went back and looked on the pavement after a last look of regret in the path of the vanishing fire engine. No quarter anywhere about."

"A very shame-faced boy came home to his mother. Where was the ice cream? He asked."

Eric said he had lost the quarter. He wanted to breathe the night gently, and he just said at first that he had lost the quarter, mistle it, he guessed."

Had he looked in his pockets?

Mhm.

"Think I eat it," Eric owned up. "You can feel it here," he said, gloomily.

Eric's mother screamed, and then she ran and telephoned to the Senes Hospital.

Soon Eric had his first swift ride in a real ambulance. There is a bright side to the clouds sometimes, even when a fellow has a silver lining. They certainly galloped to the hospital to beat anything.

"Well," said Dr. Anderson, looking at Eric this morning. "You are still in that quarter, my boy, but we'll have it out today; we will, yes, sir!"

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WRITES ON ESSAYS

Girl's Opinions of Those Who Compose Them.

OHIO GIRL'S PEN CAUSTIC

She Uses Sarcasm at Expense of Youthful Seekers After the Literary Laurel, and Presents Comprehensive List of Subjects Usually Treated by a Graduate.

Miss Guida Renfrew, of Coshocton, Ohio, at the recent commencement of Anne Arundel Academy, at Millersville, Md., was the valedictorian of her class, and the essay which she read on that occasion was considered by her friends to be of unusual merit.

Miss Renfrew entitled her essay "The commencement essay, and what commencement means to a graduate." It was, in part, as follows:

"When a class enters an institution of learning for the purpose of progress and advancement along all educational and moral lines, its members have many things to look forward to; and none can tell what the approaching years may have in store for them. Their work may be interesting, or it may not be so. They may do it well, or they may neglect it. Finally, they may or may not accomplish the desired end.

"School life is made up of joys and disappointments, and in this it is not the glad, sweet song it is thought to be by many young graduates. When students have advanced in their classes from year to year, and their minds and faculties have been developed gradually by the careful training and practice given them by the earnest teachers, the time comes at last to graduate, to finish their course, and to step out into the world. This is called commencement, and well it is named, for while it is the end of the course they have been following, it is only the close of what should be a splendid preparation for the real beginning and taking up of life's work.

Essay Important Subject.

"At this time, then, a most important subject for thought is the graduation essay. To some, those naturally blessed with the gift of writing, this last work of necessity comes easily. Each one feels that his own essay is the most important, and only naturally so, for it is all his own, and is, no doubt, the most elaborate of the kind ever done by him. It is well to have such a feeling, for the success of any writing depends on the amount of interest taken in it by the writer.

"Some select a bookish or a scientific subject, and when the student is well-informed and can do it justice, such an essay is a great success. The writer feels pleased with his work, and should be commended on it.

"But there are as many who can do nothing whatever with a bookish subject, and in choosing it they make a great mistake. In no way could one become interested in such a subject as this.

"But worse than any other kind is the essay on some idealistic, romantic subject of which the writer has very little or no conception, and which is filled with overdrawn and exaggerated pictures of life. Such an effort is, to say the least, very uninteresting. Many times it is so utterly unnatural and impossible as to be amusing, when the impression made is conveyed as of a very serious nature. How can any one be impressed seriously when students get up and read off such subjects as 'Life,' 'Character building,' 'Hitch your wagon to a star,' and so on? One feels an irresistible desire to laugh at such fantastic productions, and to regard them seriously is an impossibility.

Are Always Tiresome.

"Some one has said 'Commencement essays are a fraud. They are always a bore.' Well, they are, no doubt. When one hears a dissertation from a young graduate on the various virtues and vices, and how they develop good and moral, and in the end make the character, does he take very much interest in it? Very often it will be found that the very one who feels himself of these views has about as few of the desirable traits of character as can be found in any one. So one sees the inconsistency in the little things of life, which is sure to grow and expand as the student grows older. Inconsistency in writing becomes inconsistency in living, and is an evil to be fought persistently. How can such essays be interesting?

"One zealous friend will take some romantic subject, such as 'Why Marjory Wandered.' He will give to us a rosy-tinted picture of existence. Marjory wanders through the world to the tops of the mountains, in the hazy, blue distance, and from that elevated point will tell us of the joys of life and what it holds for all. In such a picture of life, all that is necessary is to reach out and grasp, and in the twinkling of an eye the best of life is yours. Marjory must have been a great wanderer, and from all that one can gather her wanderings must have been as extensive as to last after her mental activities. May the number of Marjories be few!

Form Attracts Others.

"Still another friend elaborates on the delightful old saying, that 'Over the Alps lies Italy.' Like the writers of the old classic school, he cares not for the originality of the matter, but for the form. 'Polished regularity' is his motto, and with that in his mind he goes to work with his dictionary and rhetoric and plods and works and digs until he turns out a production worthy to rival that of any of the old classic writers themselves when it is set to form a stiff and unnatural style. He knows that every one else knows that 'over the Alps lies Italy.' That is an established fact. With that settled, he devotes his effort toward erecting in every one's life an 'Alps' with an 'Italy' on the other side. The steps ascending on the one side and those descending on the other are usually perfunctory, or as some particular part of a character serve to show how those steps of ascent are aided or hindered according to their importance. When, at the summit of the Alps is reached, the pinnacle of man's ambition gained, the heights become rocky and desolate, and the descent into the plains of Italy begins, where, like in the time of Napoleon, many victories are won and the material success of life is established.

"Perhaps in the same class of youthful writers our attention may be called to the spiritual side of life by some subject as 'Hitch your wagon to a star,' affords a field for spiritual ideas. The ideals of spiritual life appeal to some and can be made very interesting.

Not True to Nature.

"The trouble is, most young writers are not natural. Their ideas are very often not original ones, and their style is copied. Life in its natural state is always attractive, and if students would only realize and live up to the real, true motives of life, they could express themselves in a more natural way. The overstrained ideals and rosy-tinted views are sure to be shattered sooner or later.

"Commencement means more to some than to others. To each one it means

the first step into the world, and the difference lies in the hopes, ambitions, and ideals of each graduate. Some expect to continue their study, and look with pleasure toward the delightful quest of knowledge upon which the day is practically starting. To these, it is in the true sense of the word, a commencement. They are well equipped and prepared to advance further and deeper into the fuller understanding of the mysteries of life, and the ways of the world's past, present, and future. Their study and research may take them into distant countries, but never will they be able to forget that step. Away back on the frontier of their lives, namely their commencement.

"On the other hand, there are some to whom the course has been a preparation for other kinds of work. Their life-call has not been to study. To them, commencement means a very different thing. No matter what they may take up, with the course just completed they feel that they have a good foundation. They go forth with the knowledge of how to use their talents, and with ambition and plenty of perseverance; they are bound to succeed.

"Life is a medley. It is made up of so many different, almost conflicting, ambitions and ideals, that one cannot understand nor realize just how many phases it has. As a graduate looks on the world on the night of his commencement it seems that

"God's in His hands, All's well with the world."

Draw Closer at Parting.

"As the members of the class look back over the last few years, various joys and disappointments come to view. They seem to come together, for the disappointments, although sometimes very keen and bitter, have been so closely linked with the joys that they cannot be separated. So it will be with their whole lives. There will be no sorrow so deep but that somewhere or somehow a sense of comfort will creep from some past memory or future anticipation.

"All these thoughts have their influence and effect on the commencement essay. The writings of some reflect clearly the hopes, ideals, and ambitions of the young graduates. The thoughts and feelings of the heart are echoed and re-echoed in their essay. Such essays as these are the ones which are an inspiration to all, and which are not termed a fraud and a bore. If there might be more of them, the beneficial effect would be felt by all."

THE LONG ISLANDER OF OLD.

A Man of Religion and Philosophy, Too, Who Is Now Passing Away.

He was of a younger generation, and as he sat on the veranda of his summer home in a village at the eastern end of Long Island facing one of the windmills that date back to the eighteenth century he ruminated aloud to his guest, says the New York Sun.

"Long Island," he observed, puffing hard at his pipe, "is seeing better days now than it ever saw before. Real estate is rising like bread dough with the yeast of any writing depends on the amount of interest taken in it by the writer."

"Some select a bookish or a scientific subject, and when the student is well-informed and can do it justice, such an essay is a great success. The writer feels pleased with his work, and should be commended on it."

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